THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Barbara Rincher

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

This Souvenir is respectfully dedicated to the Trustees of the Mountain View High School.

JUNE, 1904.

TRUSTEES OF MT. VIEW HIGH SCHOOL.

The Mountain View High School

By S. P. McCREA, Principal.

On August 31, 1901, an election was held to decide whether the Mountain View school district should also be organized as a high school district, and whether bonds to the amount of $7,000 should be sold for the purpose of erecting a high school building. The vote stood 78 for the bonds and 8 against them. The bonds were readily sold at a premium of $710, and during the spring and summer of 1902 the building was erected under the direction of Messrs. Jagles, Mockbee, and Distel, as school trustees.

In April, 1902, Mr. S. P. McCrea was named as principal, and in May Miss Alice Williston was engaged as assistant. On September 1, 1902, the school was opened, securing an enrollment of 21 that first month. During the year the enrollment reached 26, while the attendance averaged 22. During the year two pupils dropped out by reason of ill health and two for other reasons. At the end of the year five pupils removed to other localities, and have not since been pupils of the school. Of the 26 pupils enrolled 2 were classified as Juniors, 5 as Sophomores, and 19 as Freshmen. Three courses were provided, each four years in length, and classes were organized and carried on during the year in Concrete Geometry and Elementary Algebra, Plane Geometry, Beginning Latin, Caesar and Cicero, and Beginning German; also in first, second and third year English, and in Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern and English history.

With the opening of the second year Miss Caroline Briggs was added to the faculty as teacher of mathematics and physical sciences; Miss Williston continued the work in Latin and German, beside assisting in English. Mr. McCrea has carried the work in history and English. This year there has been an enrollment of 31 pupils and an attendance of 27.21, counting to the end of the ninth month. During the year three boys have dropped out of school to go to work; one girl is now out of school on account of ill health, and one has left school. No classes have been third year Latin (Cicero). New classes have been organized in second year German, in fourth year English, in Chemistry, in Physical Geography and in United States History and Civics. Of the 31 pupils enrolled 2 are classed as seniors, 3 as juniors, 15 as sophmores, and 11 as freshmen.

While there can be no boasting in regard to the record of the High School as to tardiness, we are willing to see it measured up any other school in the county in the matter of attendance. In fact, we are ever willing to set it alongside any school in the State in that particular. All told there has been enrolled 39 pupils. Of these, 26 are still in attendance. Of the 13 pupils who have left chool 5 are no longer in the community, and 2 others are only out

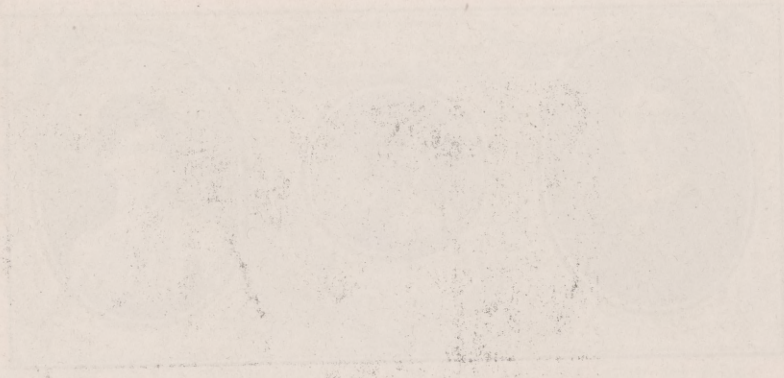
of school because of ill health. But for the large attendance compared with the enrollment, which was secured for the first year, it would not have been possible to show in the appropriations for high schools by the State, from which our High School this year received $585.06, and another appropriation will be received during the year.

While this school has as yet not sent any students to either University, it is the intention of both members of the senior class to attend Stanford if health permits. The State University will be asked to accredit the school the coming year. The nearness of the school to Stanford should lead many of its students to that great institution, and the spirit of the school should lead more. Pupils of this school are permitted to elect courses, but not subjects, and three courses are provided, each of which will prepare students for Stanford University, and except the "English course," for the State University as well.

COURSES OF STUDY FOR THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL.

	Literary	*Scientific*	*English*
Freshman	English	English	English
	Element'y Algebra	Element'y Algebra	Element'y Algebra
	Ancient History	Ancient History	Ancient History
	Latin	Phys. Geography	Phys. Geography
Sophomore	English	English	English
	Algebra	Algebra	Algebra
	Chemistry	Chemistry	Chemistry
	Latin	Latin I	Med. & Mod. Hist'y
Junior.....	English	English	English
	Plane Geom.*	Plane Geometry	Plane Geometry
	German	German	German
	Latin	Latin II	English History
Senior.....	English or Physics	English ‖	English ‖
	U.S. Hist. & Civics	U.S. Hist. & Civics	U.S. Hist. & Civics
	German	German	German
	Latin	Physics	Physics

* Mediaeval and Modern History for girls only.
‖ Or Solid Geometry and Trigonometry.



FACULTY
PROF McCREA
MISS BRIGGS
MISS WILLISTON

The Blue and the Gray

PUBLISHED BY

The Student Body of the Mountain View High School

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER .· .· JUNE, 1904

HOWARD F. BEVERLY : : : : Editor
EVERETT E. EITEL : : : : Manager
JOHN BUBB : : : : : Organizations
WILLARD AYER : : : : : Athletics
VICTOR WEIGLE, NORA WRIGHT : : : School Notes and Joshes

IN spite of all the obstacles that want of time could raise, we have succeeded in presenting this first printed edition of our paper to the school. You must take it as you find it. While we realize that it is much better production than most schools succeed in putting out at first, yet it is not up to what the school is fully capable of yet. We have not made use of all our opportunities. It is your production; you have made it whatever it is, you always will.

BEFORE giving up the management of The Blue and the Gray we wish to thank especially the business men of the town through whose advertising the paper was made possible. The Trustees have always been liberal and accommodating in starting any school enterprise, and they are responsible for a large share of whatever success the paper may attain. The Faculty, among many other friends, have also been very helpful with suggestions and in editing the paper, and we wish to thank Mr. Clarence Bubb who is responsible for everything artistic about the paper.

WHATEVER may be done in the future as regards the continuance of this publication, we would never advise the school to try and put forth a monthly edition. It is too big a job, and is simply an imposition on any student editor. We know that such is the custom however, but we also know that when students undertake to edit a monthly school paper that they expect to sacrifice much of the school studying. All the monthly High School papers that I have ever seen have never been real worthy literary productions. The drain is too constant on the originality of the school. A paper issued quarterly ought to meet the needs of any school, no matter how large.

A Poem

OMNIA AD AURUM.

Turning from our years of study
For life's struggles are we ready?
Whither leads our destined pathway,
How improve each passing day?
Shall we turn our hands to labor,
Leave our books, drop learning's sabre?
Or rely on education,
Strength and bulwark of a nation,
For our maintenance and pleasures
For life's hard and happy measures?
Student vanquished by temptation
Looks upon the exhalted nation
Profit by what others taught you,
By the gains that learning brought you,
Let the dictates of your conscience
More than all the ways of chance,
Guide you in the path of duty,
Fill your life with truth and beauty.
Leave not books for idle dollars;
Work for knowledge, all else follows.
For all that glitters is not gold,
Nor all's not fame whose name is old.
And is fame more than self respect?
What profit those who are the elect
Of the land and thankless throngs?
To them not self esteem belongs.
A mother says "well done," what then?
The plaudits of successful men?
What then? The acclamations loud,
The ever-ready cheering crowd?
Better a parent's wish fulfilled;
Better their love of heart unstilled.
Than all the fame that money buys,
Than all that crowds do vainly prize.
Oh, the soaring of ambition!
Oh, the murmuring and the sneers!
When we follow wise dictation,
And thus dedicate our years.
Must we typewrite, must we teach?
Will they never cease to preach
'Gainst the time on Latin spent?
'Gainst the hours to History lent?
Is there nought in life but money?
Gains nought else she milk and honey?
Oh ye men of erudition,
Ye who witness time's transition,
Guide us to our destination,
Show us nought but what is right.

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ORGANIZATIONS
WILLARD AYER
ATHLETICS

Some there are who like old Midas,
By their gold alone would guide us,
Never think they what is best,
Sed omnia ad aurum est. I. V., '06.

Prophecy

"Feebly she laughed in the languid moon,"
When I looked on the face of the aged crone
As spectacled she sat in the chimney nook,
Holding the wondrous riddle book;
And asked that she would unfold
The fates of my schoolmates yet untold.
"Thou art a presuming lad," said she,
"But, nevertheless, we'll let it be,
For thou art well deserving, I see.
Look thou well,
For only once shalt thou see,
The pages of Future's diary."
Well did I note
Each page with burning letters written,

And this I saw for 1911:

Firste—Helen Brown leadeth the strenuous life; she is a collector of gold medals and diplomas. She hath no less than twenty of each.

Secunde—Ruby Trubschenck is no longer seen and not heard; as a politician and advocate of woman's rights she hath gained considerable fame. She at present runneth for mayoress of Sunnyvale.

Therde—Louise Marks hath become a straight-laced spinster of the prunes and prisms type. At present she dominateth over a young ladies' seminary in Mayfield.

Fourthe—Edna Higgins hath found the two-bit man and bloweth in his quarters to the full extent of the law.

Fifthe—Willard Ayer is still "going at it." He is the judge of the superior court at Sunnyvale, where he went after giving up the Cooper business.

Sixthe—Carrie Van Epps is at present a widowe and filleth the position of matron in the Bubb Orphan Asylum.

Seventhe—Maude Krolow is on the stage, in the back row of the chorus at Fischers.

Eighthe—Rose Sturla is true to prediction. She is the novelist of the age and is known as the second Corelli.

Ninethe—Leona Yeaw has established a millinery store on Castro street and is doing quite well, with her half interest in the club store.

Tenthe—Carl Ingram is now proprietor of a prosperous candy and ice cream parlor on Castro street. Any day he may be seen slinging ice cream sodas. He is assisted by Miss Bess Burns.

Elveenth—Nora Wright is known as the Poetess of the Adobe Creek. A short while ago while musing in a pasture she was hooked by a cow. This is the only time that the poetess has soared.

Twelfe—Charlie Atkins succumbed long ere this record was writ to that common disease, grinnitis. He broke a blood vessel while aiming a grin at one of the feminine members of his class.

Thirteenthe—Not unlucky, Louis Wagner is the chemist of the age. He is at the head of the radium trust and enjoys an income of two millions a year. "I told you so."

Fourteenthe—John Bubb has cast aside the vain transitory splendors of life and has entered the ministry. "Blessings on thee, little man." He is kept busy denouncing the occupations of some of his former schoolmates.

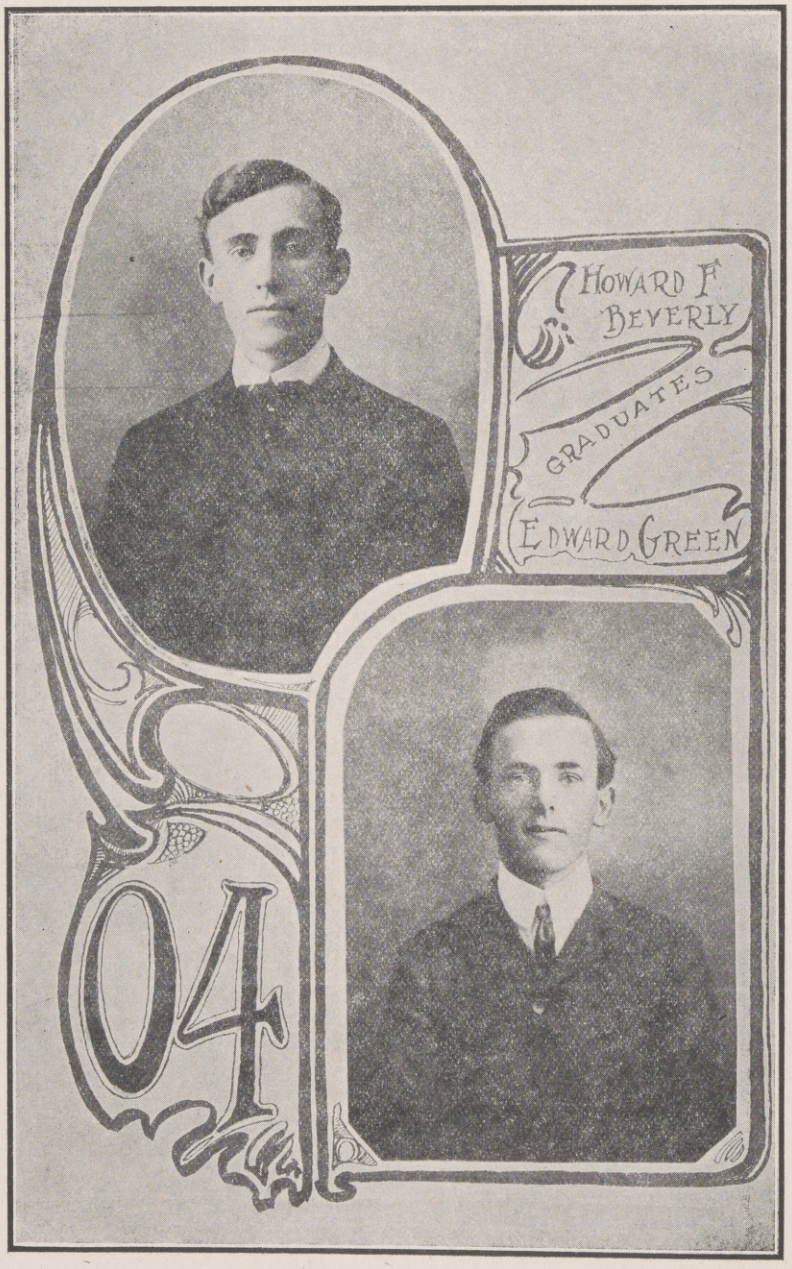
Fifteenthe—Ev. Eitel is a professor of fancy dancing and nightly he teaches the youth of the High School to swing the light fantastic.

Sixteenthe—Margaret Gerrity has changed her name for that of a little German count. She is now the Countess Marguerite Von Stoute.

Seventeenthe—Hazel Eitel is now enjoying her long cherished ambition; she is the proprietor of a cooperage.

Eighteenthe—Ed. Johnson is at last safely launched on the turbulent sea of matrimony. His life companion was a petite schoolmam and it is rumored that her cookery often savors of compounds purely chemical if not chemically pure.

Nineteenthe—Vic. Weigle is now the proprietor of a butcher shop next to Ingram's candy and ice cream parlors. He makes quite a pic-


HOWARD F. BEVERLY
GRADUATES
EDWARD GREEN
04

ture as he parades on Castro street in his white apron and with a huge knife in his belt.

Twentiethe—Gene Ash is the star center fielder of the New Yorks. His batting record is .999 out of 1,000 times at the bat. He has been offered $50,000 a year by the Bostons. He is at present hesitating between this offer and another to coach the Mountain View High School team for next year.

Twenty-firste—John McGlothen is living on the Emerson tract and is supporting a cute little wife on a nice little prune orchard.

Twenty-secunde—

Complexions made while you wait.
Van Epps & Dow, Beauty Doctors.
Blackened Eyes and Contused Noses a Specialty.
Corner Hope and Love Streets.

Twenty-thirde—William Garliepp is sole proprietor of the Register, having also bought out the extensive interests of the Leader. He is also owner of two little up country papers known as the San Francisco Chronicle and the Examiner. He is doing a "rushing business."

Twenty-fourthe—Edward Green is a doctor of no small reputation. He is a successful pupil of the wonderful Lorenz and has succeeded in "pulling the legs" of people all over the country.

Twenty-fifthe—Howard Beverly, after completing the law course of Stanford, came to a very sad end. He was appointed chief counsell for a heartless railroad trust.

Twenty-sixthe—Alice Whittemore is a missionary to Stanford, where she is endeavoring to pacify the heathen student. Most of the incorrigibles are from Mt. View. They are not man-eating cannibals, but of the girl smashing kind.

PROPHET FOR '04.

Oration.

Success in Life.

By EDWARD GREEN

IT would be useless for any one to speak on such a subject as "Success in Life," if success were only possible to the few, or if success were a matter of little consequence to the young men of this country at large; but since a certain degree of success can be won by every youth with ordinary talents and aspirations, and since the attainment of success in life is a factor of so much importance in the world's progress, the subject should be of universal interest, and should occupy the serious attention of men and women. A youth's possibilities of winning success depends on two conditions—the opportunities presented in life, and the power of developing those qualities that will enable him to recognize and take advantage of his opportunities.

There is little doubt that the chances of winning success today are both numerous and varied. Present industrial methods have done much toward multiplying these opportunities. The expansion of our industries

has broadened the field and opened new channels for the efforts of the young man whose aim in life is to realize his highest purposes. With the growth and expansion of industries, specialization in the various lines of labor is sought for, and where this is the case the demand for young men to hold responsible positions constantly increases. The lack of good opportunities offers small hindrance to the youth with a determination to succeed. The means of attaining success depends less upon the opportunities than upon the qualities of the man. The great men of our own country entered upon their early careers with apparently few chances of attaining the object of their highest ambition, but they succeeded in realizing their aims after constant efforts to improve.

Concerning a young man's habits, it is sufficient to say that appearances will win recognition when other qualities fail. There is nothing that indicates worth more than personal neatness and cleanliness, nor can there be a more favorable impression produced than that made by attractive manners. Examples without number can be found to illustrate these facts. It was these qualities that secured Benjamin Franklin his successful start in Philadelphia. When Horace Greeley entered New York, a bright country lad, seeking a living, there was nothing to recommend him but his kindly manner and neat appearance. Every intelligent employer has come to the conclusion that carelessness in appearance means the same disposition towards work, and on this account he will not choose such persons to be in his employ. A young man with careless, disorderly habits can hardly expect to win in the great business world, when he is a failure in the narrow limits of his own person.

The degree of success which can be attained by any man naturally depends on intelligence. Intelligence is absolutely essential in every profession and industry, and it is the very foundation of every successful career. Without this quality of human mind, it would be an utter impossibility for a young man to adopt himself to the existing conditions of our industries. The young man who is lacking in mental ability will find success in life impossible, because intelligence is a factor of such importance.

The highest purpose of an education as regards the mental ability of a young man, is to develop and stimulate the intellect, to encourage originality and to broaden the mind, so that it may grasp the more serious questions of life. Where there is any degree of intelligence, ambition will usually be accompanied by earnestness and singleness of purpose. These qualities are certainly the most beneficial and serviceable fruitage of mental development.

Important as ambition may be in life, it must be kept within reasonable bounds. A young man should always rely on his best judgment to restrain an ambition which exaggerates his future possibilities, for the impressions made by such an ambition will undoubtedly prove false, and where high aspirations do not immediately materialize, discouragement will be the result and perhaps failure in the end. Although discouragements and defeats are inevitable to every young man who aspires to accomplish his higher aims, they should be met and conquered with an undaunted spirit. It has been well said that despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born to succeed, not to fail. There are few men, however, who can so conquer defeat as to make it impossible in the future. To the man without determination, the result of defeat in the past, is the lack of courage for effort in the future; while to the man of

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resolution, a defeat means renewed striving for the highest object of ambition. Can we say that culture and refinement are unnecessary in the attainment of success? What qualities inspire greater admiration in men, or indicate a more worthy character? The enlightment and advancement of a nation can best be measured by the culture and refinement of its individual citizens, In order to fit himself for mastery, a young man must necessarily adopt such habits as will aid him in the sharp competition of life. Promptness and thoroughness are the stepping stones to success in any occupation or profession, and where the youth is left to his own resources, he must prove himself self-reliant by showing that he is endowed with decision of character. The principle which should be uppermost in a youth's ambition *is honesty*, since the cause of failure are, for the most part, due to the disregard of this quality alone. The temptations to dishonesty lie in the path of every man, but it is only the man without courage who can so be led away as to leave unfulfilled the achievment of his higher purposes. Although optimism may not be absolutely necessary in realizing the high aims of life, yet it is a quality that is good in its influence, for it lessens to a considerable degree, the arduousness of continual striving to win. It is the discouragements of life that can be conquered by optimism alone. The optimist by his turn of mind adds much to the value of his opportunities, while the pessimist detracts equally from his chances.

Fortunately, it is becoming an accepted opinion that the most successful man is the one who endeavors to develop the greatest good in himself and in others. Certainly there is no loftier ideal which humanity can hope to realize. There is no one who so inspires our admiration as he, who is willing to sacrifice his own selfish ambitions and pleasures that he may raise the tone of his moral and religious nature. If there is a single exception to this statement, it is the man with a desire to promote the well being of his fellow men. In order that a man may aid in the uplifting of his fellow beings, his own character must embody those high qualities of human nature which are fitted to guide others to a higher life. Real success can only be attained by the promotion of moral ond religious development, for this so strengthens the mind. If man, and so emphasizes the higher purposes of life, as to aid him in resisting those temptations that would lead to immediate failure. Success would be too costly if it were obtained by lowered standards of manhood and womanhood.

It is obvious that a young man should know and sympathize with his fellow men in order to labor with advantage among them. Since he is so largely dependent upon other men for success, it is requisite that he should carefully acquaint himself with the various qualities that he may be able to meet the demands which they are sure to make upon him. The influence of worthy friends has never failed to produce favorable results in the upbuilding of character, for friendship awakens the deeper and more tender affections of a man's nature, and insures a sympathy for the frailties of others. The development of such qualities as honor, love and purity can best be gained within the sacred limits of the home; while the growth of conceit and self-will will be checked in an equal degree by the wholesome influence of the school. If the school is necessary in the intellectual training of the youth, then clubs and societies are quite as indispensable in developing the social qualities of a man. When we consider the actual cost of success in time, labor, hardship and money; when we measure the actual advantages that may be ob-

tained, shall we decide that success is of so little consequence as to be unworthy of the winning? This is a question that must be answered by every man and woman. It is however a question upon which we must coolly ponder. Has it been of advantage to the human race to have risen from a condition of savagery and heathenism to a state of freedom and enlightenment. Is it worth while to explore the continent of possibilities which lies within us—a region that would otherwise remain unknown? Is it worth while to know that we have realized life's ideals? Is it worth while to hold to our aims in life with the strength born of a mighty purpose? To all these questions there is but one satisfactory answer, and that is an affimative one.

Oration

The Conquest of Nature.

By H. BEVERLY.

THE struggle for existence is paramount with every living being from the lowest organism to the highest, which is man. Viewed in relation to the animal world his supreme conflict consists of three phases: that among the individuals of one species; that between the individuals of different species; that with the surrounding connditions of life. No living being can escape this threefold price that is put on life. We do not suppose that there has been anyone born into the world who has honestly tried to do his duty toward his God and his fellow man and has conscientiously tried to work out the problem of his existence, but who has been thoroughly impressed with the *intensity* of his life. The nations which have not had this experience have never had any place in history and the people who shun it have no position in legitimate society. This fact is clearly borne out in nature, for when we examine into "The sheltered life," the life withdrawn from the stress and bitterness of supreme effort, we find it has but one remarkable characteristic, a tendency towards degeneration, and so at the present time I wish to speak to you of the conquests that have been wrought by the supreme efforts of men, when brought to bear upon the forces of nature. Each conquest represents an appropriation of some force of nature that was embodied in an invention.

Taking into consideration the fact that the history of all past inventions and discoveries is largely a history of the world, we will probably be excused for treating the matter with such brevity. Considering the subject in its entirety we see that it may plainly be divided into two periods; that up to the middle of the eighteenth century, and that since that time. The latter part of the eighteenth century is a dividing line in the industrial history of the world. Before that time, while civilization had made advances along many lines in many countries, in the industrial realm everything had remained almost stationary from the dawn of history. There was nothing in an expanse of seven or eight thousand years, except the discovery of fire, the invention of metal tools, and the domestication of plants and animals, that would compare with those of the second period in their effect on human progress. Those primitive arts of spinning, weaving, the mining and working of metals and transpor-

tation were being practiced in England in 1750 in the same manner as they had been in ancient Egypt and Chaldaea.

Soon all was changed by a few inventions. Those were the primary forces of a great industrial revolution and marked an epoch in the history of civilization. Hargreaves led the procession in 1767 with his invention of the spinning jenny. That was soon improved by Arkwright and Compton in 1779. A power loom by Cartwright in 1785 gave more impetus to that industry. It seemed when there was need for anything there was a man with inventive power to supply that need. The accumulated genius of eight thousand years blossomed forth on every hand. James Watt came next with the steam engine which supplied the motive power to run the machinery of these new inventions. The steam engine revolutionized mining and transportation. In supplying the engine with fuel, coal mining was developed into a vast industry. In transportation the perfecting of the steam engine gave to us the locomotive and the steamship. In supplying iron for better machinery the smelting industry assumed an importance before unknown. Each primary invention drew after it numberless others, gave birth to new industries or gave a wonderful impulse to existing ones.

In 1492, Columbus had discovered America. The settlers of this continent found it no easy task to subdue a wilderness. Here nature was found in her opulence, but she was chary of her gifts. The Pilgrims found it hard to maintain life on the New England coast while all the time there was about them the unknown riches of a virgin forest. From the time of the landing of the first man on the eastern shore the watchword was ever Westward Ho! and there was no rest till they reached the Pacific. This advance across the continent was fraught with many dangers. Nature in the New World was much stronger and larger than man. Highways could not be quickly built, but must be hewn out of an almost inpenetrable forest. The lumbering wagon drawn by the slow oxen or the clumsy raft poled slowly and laboriously along the rivers were the only means of transportation. The pioneer suffered by turns the parching heat of the desert or the freezing cold of the eternal snows. The savage Indian was howling at his heels and starvation was often on his front. But nothing daunted him and a continent was soon our own. Nature which at first seemed so wild and intractable bowed her neck to the yoke of determined man.

The struggle for the subjugation of this continent produced men of sterling character, who were ready to meet every emergency. Every necessity was the mother of an invention, and so it happened that the important inventions of the nineteenth century have been distinctly American. First I would mention the cotton jin, although it does not properly belong to the nineteenth century, but to the last decade of the eighteenth, England was now ready to spin the thread and weave the cotton goods for the world's markets. But where was the raw cotton to be produced? Whitney's invention answered that question and the south entered upon a stage of rapid development. Politically the invention of the cotton jin influenced the next half century of our National history, for it made slavery profitable and therefore permanent from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. One of the chief factors that effected the conquest of the heart of this continent was the steamboat invented by Fulton in 1807, The population of the Mississippi Valley was soon immensely increased, its wonderful resources developed and its products put upon the markets

of the world. By 1838 there was a wealth of labor-saving devices in use, among which were the McCormack reaper and the steam hammer. Friction matches were just coming into use and steamboats began to cross the Atlantic. About this time the process of smelting iron with anthracite coal and the hot air blast were put into successful operation, thus marking the beginning of a great industry in the United States. One form of development followed closely on another; for the inventive spirit never slumbered. Soon the rotary printing press made its appearance and the process of printing became amazingly rapid. The result was the cheapening of books and newspapers, and the consequent widening of educational opportunities. The sewing machine, too, was invented; and the result of this invention was not only to lessen the drudgery of the household, but to reduce the amount of work on all articles of clothing, thus making them cheaper and more easily attainable by the poor. About this time a patent was secured for the manufacture of rubber goods. The value of the discovery was so great that this industry assumed large proportions at once. Allow me to mention one more invention of the nineteenth century and that was the telegraph by Samuel F. B. Morse. Never was any invention so immediately far-reaching in its influence. Business methods were revolutionized. The newspaper of today could print the intelligence of yesterday. The same news could be read on the same day everywhere in the land. "Space need no longer divide men into warring factions, when they could think the same thoughts and feel the same emotions at the same time." Politically as well as socially, the telegraph, like the railroad, was of an importance hardly realized then but which is fully seen at the present day. Though I am permitted only to mention a small number of the multitudinous inventions of the century past, I believe that they have demonstrated to you that the American people possess a superb capacity for mechanical invention. The forces of nature have been brought to serve man in almost every field of endeavor; and yet we cannot help feeling that man's mastery of nature has just begun.

It would be fitting before closing to contemplate for a moment the possibilities of the nineteenth century into which we have already taken four steps. No doubt, it is a century that is to be dominated by science. Judging the future by the past, to the credulous person nothing seems impossible. The railroad and the wireless telegraph have almost annihilated time and space. Is it a wonder that the world expects to be astonished at any moment by an Edison or a Marconi? In another direction, the United States Government has two prodigious projects in view; that of irrigating the arid lands within our own boundaries and converting parched deserts into fertile farms; and that of digging the great canal at Panama. No one can estimate how many great inventions will find a place in this century; but every one knows of the undeveloped riches of China, of the Philippines and of Africa. These are only possibilities of this century, we can never imagine what the realization will be.

The eminently successful men of this century will be scientific men. For them nature has great rewards. The successful men of every generation have been lovers of nature. But they were strong men and brave at heart. All nature is essentially opposed to everything weak and everything idle. She demands a bold lover, one who is ready to do and to dare. For him she has many prizes, but they must be sought. Does it not behoove the young men of this generation to be strong, to be daring,

to shun weakness and to despise illness, and to live near to nature. If we are to share her rewards her challenge is subtle yet forciful, but she does not speak. Her silence is eloquent, almost like a Patrick Henry because we seem to hear, "If you would have ought of mine you must fight, I repeat it sir, you must fight."

Athenaeum Literary Society

The Literary Society was formed with a membership of twenty-nine, including the two teachers. Its constitution is based on that of a society in the Princeton high school in Indiana, it being over twenty-five years old, and from which not only our society has sprung up, but many others as well. The exercises include essays, declamations, impromptus and debates, all of which hold an equal rank in the work of the society. The debates, more than anything else, have shown a marked improvement, and in the coming term it is our desire to be able to compete with other schools by becoming a member of the Academic League. The meetings are held every two weeks on Friday afternoons. All declamations must be submitted to one of the teachers a week before the society meets. It is necessary to submit the essays and written debates four days before the meeting. No prompting is allowed, and in case of failure in effort or failure to respond when assigned to a duty, the work is called for the following Monday morning, thus relieving no one from his duty. We, as members of this society, have meny advantages over members from other schools, in that we receive credit in English for all work done, have a school hour in which to hold our meetings and every member is strictly held to his duty. This means every scholar in the school. The society has its own officers of course, the Faculty only acting as critics. The organization has been a great success, and from it has sprung the High School paper, a form of literary effort which truly shows a High School spirit, without which a High School is little.

Athletics

ONE of the most essential characteristics of any live secondary school is an interest in athletics. Without this a school literally amounts to nothing. It is indeed a fact that in a school where an athletic spirit exists, a vigorous feeling predominates and a sense of school pride and honor is prominent in the hearts and minds of most pupils. There also dwells in the minds of the students that attend such a school a real sensibility of what a High School really is and means. These are only a few of the benefiting influences that an athletic spirit fosters. Colleges and upper schools of all kinds recognize the fact that it is almost impossible to realize the best results in a school if that much needed spirit is dormant.

Although our High school is as yet in its infancy it has accomplished something in athletics. It may not have done as much as other schools in the past, but look out for it in the future. Every High School has its day, and somewhere in the near future our little High School will have

its day, and "the Blue and Gray" will wave over many a fiercely contested field.

A new school has many difficulties to contend with. The very fact of its being new is a disadvantage to it, because as a matter of fact, a new school has but a limited attendance, and consequently has but few to engage in an athletic contest. As the community has been under a great expense in building and equipping a new school the athletic grounds have to a great extent been overlooked. Then, the pupils are more or less strangers, and they do not realize their own possibilities. They do not try to develop the power they possess, because they reason that as the other schools are older and have better advantages it would be of no use for them to try in any of the athletic contests. Thus we see that the problems of a new school are many and complicated, but they can only be solved by the students themselves, and by those students who have school pride and enthusiasm. Then again a school has to look to the community for a great deal of help, for a generous community can help materially in arousing an athletic spirit.

I think the High School made plain that it had the proper spirit in its football contests last season. The team worked under all kinds of disadvantages—such disadvantages as only a new team in a new place can know. In the first place most of the players had to learn the game. Then, on account of the scarcity of players in the school, it was impossible to get an all-High School team. Players outside of the High School had to be put in, and all honor to them, for with their help a team was made possible. Without any spirit of fault-finding as to the players from the outside, it is plain that to obtain the best results a team must be made up of none but High School students. Even with a full High School team it is hard to get a good practice to say nothing about practicing without an all-High School team. Much practice means good team work. Good team work means good playing and good playing means victories.

Last but not least comes the financial part. This is no small thing either, for it is a problem in a small High School to find a way to meet the everlasting expenses. Our High School had not then organized into a student body, therefore the players not only spent their time in trying to win some honor for the school, but also spent their money in carrying on the games. But nothing could overcome the football fever in the High School. Its team must play, and play it did most heartily and well.

Other sports have received some attention in the school. A baseball team was organized, but many difficulties presented themselves. The boys got discouraged, things went wrong and after a few practice games, and a game with the Campbell Union High School, the team decided that it would have to give up playing.

The High School has not done any regular track work or entered into any of the contents. But it has done some individual work showing that with some regular training that it would not be much afraid of some of the last year's records.

Some attention has been given to tennis, but as the tennis courts have been in such a condition that a game could not be played upon, no very great accomplishments in this line have been made.

Football

The High School team and the positions they held:

Howard Beverly, full back (Manager), '04.
John B. Bubb, quarter back, '06.
Willard M. Ayer, right half (Captain), '06.
Everett Eitel, left half, '05.
Carrol Sinnons, right end.
Norman Showers, Lester Frink, left end.
Chas. Pearson, right tackle, '06.
Edward Whittemore, left tackle.
Carl Ingram, right guard, '07.
Chas. Atkins, ('07), Eugene Ash, ('07), left guard.
Henry Van Epps, center, '05.

The first gridiron upon which the team met to contest over the elusive pigskin, was that of the Palo Alto High School, where it lined up against the Manzanita Private School of that place. The Manzanitas were a heavier team and had the advantage of having already taken part in two games. Even the enemies confessed it was a fine game that was played, though it ended with a score of 5 to 0 in Manzanita's favor. The defeat was not at all discouraging. It was better than we had expected. We could really play football.

Next came the little green sweatered boys from Hoitte' Academy. They wanted to try our metal. They thought and said we were "easy" and they were glad of the chance to convince us that we were so. It was a walk-over for our team and they went home not wishing a return game.

Next came the husky second team from the University of the Pacific, with some of the first team players, who claimed that they had been transferred, but as we understood afterwards, for the time being. Withrow worked his men for all that was in them, but there was not enough in them to do any serious damage. At the end the score stood 0 to 0, but the ball was within ten yards of their goal. Only a few seconds more and the score would have been those glorious five points in our favor.

After the contest the team disbanded, because circumstances were so that it was almost impossible to continue. The possibility for a football team next year is very probable, and no doubt it will accomplish some results that will be well worthy of any small high school.

Student Body

The Student Body is young as yet, but in its four months of existence it has accomplished the task of putting out the first printed edition of "The Blue and the Gray." When the organization was first formed there were a few students who did not partake of its meetings, thinking it was only organized to relieve them of their hard-earned dollars, but these have seen their mistake and in the semester to come we may look for a larger and more enthusiastic Student Body. The attendance at meetings and the payment of dues is whol-

ly voluntary. School pride is depended upon to make it a success. As the school is small and the Student Body necessarily so, the dues are somewhat higher than those of a larger Student Body, but this does not seem to keep it from making progress. The meetings are held on the last Thursday of every month. All the finances and student enterprises are managed by the organization. The presence of the Literary Society, of which everybody is a member, prevented the early formation of a Student Body. The Society has accomplished its purpose, but when it came to equipping a football squad, a baseball team, managing the tennis courts and financing a school paper, its inadequacy was apparent and the Student Body seen to be a necessity. The President is always a member of the Senior class, the present one being Howard Beverley, to whom the organization owes much of its success.

L'Allegro

Signs of our times—C and D.

An innovation in society entertaining—The girls gave a smoker on Stanford lake.

Nora says she can't live without air (Ayer).

"Who was Helen of Troy?"

Freshie (scratching his head)—"Let me see, O yes, she was the girl who worked in the Blue Front Restaurant and was noted for her loud and commanding voice.'

Rose had an **kneesy** time one afternoon—Ask her about it.

Ask Miss Briggs if **he** got his new hat.

Bessie went Whalen to Oakland,
She must have forgotten Gilroy.
She met a cute little advent
And swore off on the first little boy.

"Why, Edward, are you sick? You don't look well." "Yes, I **know**, I've got an oration."

WANTED—A confidential correspondence with some beautiful young lady. Object, matrimony. Address P. D. Z. or Q. Ingram, **Mountain** View.

Miss W.—"Did Shakespeare ever have any trouble?"
Margaret—"Y-e-s, he was married once."

Blanche had a lengthy chat with a young man in the hall. Was it casual or case-ual?

There was a young fellow named Johnny,
Who fell in love with a lady named Bonny.
His brain was awhirl
As he said to the girl,
"I've the love, if you have the money."

All is fair in love and war and with the janitor.

1913

Graduating Exercises at Stanford

Hail! Stanford! Hail! May each year send forth a larger number of students than the last, fitted to master the problems of life, from thy hall of learning, and as time flows on, when the nation looks to her college men to prevent her downfall, let those who first carry the canner of trimuph advance under the cardinal.

Through the kindness of our trustees and our professor, we had the honor of attending the closing exercises at the Leland Stanford Junior University for the year 904. My heart beat fast for joy when I received the invitation and it was a few minutes before I could calm my excitement. I was now given an opportunity to "feast my eyes" upon something I had longed to see, for being a lover of knowledge, I would see those who had acquired the greater share of it.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and as I started early, I arrived there before nine o'clock. This left me with a few hours to dispose of. In company with a few of my schoolmates I rambled about the courts and quadrangle, absorbing the sights and longing to say that I had spent four years within its enclosure. We climbed up the winding stairway, leading to the roof of the big arch and there surveyed the surroundings. We could see all over the grounds, and the hills and green trees in the background contrasted with the brown of the stone structures. Facing the north we could see the town of Palo Alto and the green walks surrounding; on the east we could see the town of Mayfield; on the west Mrs. Stanford's residence peeped in view; back of us we could see the buildings and private residences, the clear blue lake, and the reservoir on the top of a hill.

After gazing about for a while, we descended and proceeded thence to the general assembly room and eagerly waited for the all important event to take place. People were crowding in rapidly and it was not long before almost every seat was occupied. We had not long to wait, however, for the orchestra soon began to play Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," and behold! Slowly down the aisle marched the graduating class. How insignificant I felt! How wise and learned they looked in their caps and gowns! "How happy they must be," thought I, "now that they have completed their course of study and realized that they have climbed the hill and successfully reached the top." What a sense of relief must they feel now that that hour has arrived. Quietly and modestly they marched down the aisle and took their places on the front seats. There was no show or vain display, no need of it or thought of it, everything was quiet, unassuming and natural.

When the students were seated the Rev. Charles Gardener delivered the invocation and then the orchestra played a selection. After this, Dr. Elliott gave the commencement address, entitled, "The Higher Education and Progress." It was an eloquent speech, in which he told about the achievements of education, about the progress of time, how the advancement of a country is now due to its college men, about Greece and Rome, and the rise and downfall of their civilization. It was a speech of a lofty and elevating character. When he had finished speaking there was another selection

by the orchestra and then the conferring of the degrees took place. Amid the applause of their fellow students, each graduate received the symbol of knowledge and learning—the diploma. After the degrees had been conferred, the orchestra played another selection and then Dr. Jordan read an address on "The College Man in American Life." The address was very much appreciated, for Stanford's professor is beloved by many. When he had finished, the graduates filed out of the hall, each radiant and happy.

It was over, yet was there any young, aspiring on-looker whose heart did not beat with enthusiasm when he beheld those little red diplomas? Did he not realize that it was not beyond his grasp to get one? That a college education is not so far above him, after all? And it was well worth the effort to strive for? Let us hope that if there was one person who did not think this way that in some future day he would be guided by a brighter hope and inspiration to reach out his hands to those who are best able to train the brain, for in the words of Stanford's president, "It is the brain's business to know, to think, to will, and to act." M. G., '06.

Three Days of Prune Picking.

By VICTOR A. WEIGLE.

THERE is a certain person who knows a great deal more about that industry now than he did some little time ago and it was all gained by experience.

The first day of the picking starts off most beautifully; you begin in the cool of the morning, when the air is invigorating and you wonder how it is that people seem to find prune chasing hard work, why, those first two boxes just seemed to gather themselves and in twenty-five minutes, too, that's at the rate of five an hour, or fifty a day! Oh my! but that's easy, and you wonder why everybody doesn't pick, and kind of involuntarily glance up the road to see if there isn't a procession headed orchardward to beg for jobs; but there is not, and moreover, people grin pleasantly when you enthuse about the pleasures of the easy work.

Meanwhile, while you are figuring up how much a day you are going to get and what you'll do to get rid of it, you find that from two, every twenty-five minutes, it has come down to one, and you have to scratch accordingly. At about the eleventh box you think that fifty is just a few too many for one day's picking and anyhow, it would be bothersome to carry home so much money, so forty is decided on as all you'll do, and consequently you take it easy on the strength of that resolution and at noon you wake up to the fact that you will have to get in and pick to get thirty. The afternoon is about sixteen instead of six hours long and shows up a result of fifteen boxes and with the morning's picking you find you have scraped together thirty boxes, and have also scraped all the skin off of your knees. But where did all of that soreness come from? And as you wend your weary way homeward you think "Ugh? fifty boxes! I must have had softening of the brain, thirty is all I will try for tomorrow."

If you had thought you were sore in the evening you *know* it next morning, when you try to touch the ground, it has become an awfully long

ways off and you wonder if you could pick a five dollar gold piece up if it lay in front of you. When you get to your place of amusement, or occupation, whichever you wan't to call it, you think about all of those thirty,—well, you don't know what epitaph to bestow on the boxes, that is, all you can think of are unprintable. To do full justice to the occasion you have to lie down in the shade under a tree, and as every one knows, that takes time, and when twelve o'clock comes ten boxes are the result and in the evening twenty represents the day's work, just a few less than fifty, but not much energy is expended in thinking, you need it all to carry yourself home.

If you knew you were sore the day before you are positively certain of it the next day when the yesterday's pleasurable feelings have increased at the rate of compound compounded interest. About the middle of the afternoon you decide that your mother wants you and that you never did like prune picking anyway, and that the best thing about them is the eating, so you go home very cheerfully and spend what you have earned so as not to have anything by which to remember your experience, and then resultant stomach-ache from too much candy makes you think that prune picking is a bad business all around. Some people try varieties of positions in which to pick prunes, but the only one which furnished that person satisfaction was being propped up against a tree with a generous slice, of watermelon, and watching the others pick. The melon did not taste nearly so good nor the tree feel so comfortable, if there was no one else within sight, working.

A Prairie Fire.

By C. V. E., '05.

FAR out upon the dreary, desolate plains stood a small sod house, with a still smaller barn a few rods from it. No other buildings could be seen as far as the eye could see—north, south, east or west, just that eye-tiring distance, which only ended with the far horizon.

In the door-way of the cabin stood a woman, with a small child clinging to her hand. She stood there a moment with her hand shading her eyes, looking anxiously toward the west, in the vain hope of seeing some sign of her husband. He had left two days before, for the nearest town to get provisions, and expected to return the second day. But he did not come, and now, with a worried expression upon her face, she again went indoors.

The day had been very hot, and as the afternoon wore on the heat became more and more oppressive. Not a breeze was stirring, and the long, rank prairie grass lay dry and seared, close to the earth.

Again the woman came out, and this time walked over to a slight elevation of ground not far from the house where she could obtain a better view. She raised her hand to shade her eyes as before, but dropped it with an alarmed cry, for as she looked, she saw that the whole western sky was tinted a blood red, and a breeze had snddenly sprung up from that quarter. Well she knew that those were the heralds of one of the most treacherous and powerful enemies of the settlers, a prairie fire. But the brave woman did not lose her presence of mind, instead she immediately went to the barn and took out an old decrepid

horse, the only one her husband had left, and hurriedly hitched it to a plow. Then she turned over furrow after furrow of fresh earth about the buildings, had a strip a half a rod wide. Getting some matches she lit a bunch of the dryed grass in her hand, and using it as a brand she set the grass all about the outside of the outer furrow aflame. This fire crept slowly outward making a back-fire, so that when the prairie fire swept down there would be no danger of its jumping the strip of fire break.

During this time the fire was coming like a wild race-horse across the plains, leaving destruction in its path. It was a glorious spectacle, that great rolling wall of fire, perhaps forty miles wide, and at least fifteen feet high.

Wild animals were fleeing before it as from some terrible foe, and an occasional horse or cow of some settler miles away, would go racing by like mad.

Now the flames were sweeping nearer and nearer to the cabin, with that sullen roaring, seeming to announce its power. Then in a moment it reached the fire-break, parted and passed on, leaving the hut enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and a great hot, black, smoking desert behind its track.

The danger to herself being past, the woman now thought of her husband. Where was he? Had he perished in the flames? No, about dark he returned, and in a few words explained to her how he had been detained in town, and then as he was on his journey home, had watched with growing fears the fire ahead of him in the distance. But as he drew nearer he could see that his home was still standing, thanks to his brave wife, whose undaunted damage and presence of mind had saved her life, her child's, and their only little property from destruction.

A Schoolmam's Soliloquy.

I'm looking down the aisle;
I daren't smile.
Though they think I never look
Past the pages of my book,
I see it all and feel surprise
At the sights that meet my eyes.
Eddie Green is whittling sticks—
Blanche is aiming sundry kicks
At Johnny's shapely shins,
Helen Brown is sticking pins
In Hazel's neck.
Rose is giggling;
Margaret's wiggling;
Wea turns around to look,
Willard's working;
Charlie's shirking;
Everett's looking for his book.
Carl is whistling;
Besse is listening;
All her soul is in her eyes,
Each Freshman vissage shows surprise

At the marvels of his mouth,
While a Sophomore, tall, uncouth
Groaning over problems deep,
Disturb's a Junior's troubled sleep,
A six-foot Senior sits apart,
His lessons all are learned by heart.
His sphinx-like look
Is fastened on a copy book.
On every side does mischief lurk—
Alice sighing, Carrie smiling,
While beguiling.
Her brother to his work.
Then stillness for a moment reigns,
In the room next door
The history class is conning o'er
The fates of heroes bold,
The tales oft writ, but never old.
I'll not stand this any longer!
They must think my nerves are stronger
Than their own noise-hardened ears,
And my patience longer than my years.
I've thrown a Freshman out the window
That the Sophs he might not hinder,
Censured Charlie, punished Helen,
Where I'd stop there is no telling,
But two more about their business sent
And the study hour is spent.
I heave a sigh
And wonder why
Doesn't someone marry me
And take me out of misery—

—*Anonymous.*

Just a Few Troubles

By EDWARD E. JOHNSON.

JAMES BRADY held the position of junior clerk in Smith's Pharmacy, Salt Lake City, some years ago, and among his duties was answering the night bell, so that in case of emergency or urgent necessity for medicine in the neighborhood, they could be secured at that store. He roomed in an enlarged grocery box behind the store.

His day's work over at eleven o'clock, he retired to his aforesaid sanctum one night, and being very tired from a hard day's work, he wished and prayed that no one in that whole city would become afflicted in any way, shape or manner with pains, bruises or broken bones, and thus enable him to sleep the sweet sleep of a just and merciful man. After wishing everybody well, and forgiving all the mean things he had done or said to anybody, he disrobed and laid his weary head on the soothing pillow and before he knew it, he was away in dreamland, and his long-dead father was again making him hoe long rows of potatoes when the temperature was high and the wind blew not.

But he was soon relieved from his arduous task, for he awakened with a start, at the sound of the electric bell in the corner buzzing away as if the world was coming to its sad end, and he was the only mortal who hadn't been awakened and made aware of that fact. Hastily donning a few clothes, he was soon at the door and asked the waiting man what he wanted. The man (many curses on his head!) only waved a large bottle and gesticulated his impatience at the delay. James opened the door and was met with the request for ten cents' worth of lime water and two two-cent stamps, yes, and he'd take a one-cent stamp instead of a penny in change.

James went back to his grocery box, only muttering a few kind words of blessing on the man's head and deeply sympathizing with him in his great troubles; viz, the lack of stamps and no lime water for his baby's breakfast, that he (James) had in the great benevolence and kindness of heart been the means of relieving. This happened about one o'clock in the morning.

At half past two, he was again called out, this time a woman wanted to know if he "wouldn't kindly telephone to Dr. —— to come at once, her husband was very sick." James succeeded in rousing the man of pills, and told the lady he would be right over. Then he again sought his couch and rest. But no rest for such as he, for he was again called in an hour and "the doctor hadn't come yet, would he telepone again? "Certainly. The doctor was on his way." At five poor James again heard the bell, and there was the same woman, "Oh dear! would you telepeone again, my husband is worse?" "Didn't the doctor come yet?" "Yes, he gave me two prescriptions, but I didn't wan't to bother you so much, so I made a druggist down town get up and fill them." With a beautiful look ot sympathy and pity for the suffering on his smiling face, he telephoned again and then, it being nearly time to open the store, he went back and put on a boiled shirt and a cuff around his neck, and as the sun rose over the Wasatch Mountains he watched it light the country with its magnificent glory. Standing in the open doorway he felt good; his mind was quiet and rested, his heart overflowed with love for unreasonable people in general. But he had a hard tussle with himself to wait on the first customer in a civil manner, for she wanted a nickle's worth of stamps, and would he please put them in a piece of paper?

Hardy's Summer Dream

By ROSE STURLA.

PERHAPS it was the smoothness of the road and the alluring beauty of the hills which made Hardy turn his wheel toward the foot-hills; whatever it was he found himself riding up the narrow lane which stirred up the dim old memories of the past. There was something delightfully familiar about the zig-zag fence over-grown with moss and grass, and a pleasant suggestion in the foot-path which wound up and down the hills. But fifteen years had done much to obliterate the remembrance of a delightfully spent summer. Now he felt the keen joy of country life coming back, and was sniffing the wholesome air with a mad desire to throw up his hat and frolic around as if he were not the portly, conventional, dignified C. T. Hardy of San Francisco.

Humming a half-forgotten air he followed the path, with great expectations, thinking of the old days when he had traversed it, and he felt that some joy awaited him at the end. His humming broke into a cheerful whistle when he spied a tiny cottage embowered in trees and vines; for although he was waxing sentimental he was not insensible to the merciless heat and the labor required to ride his ancient wheel. Accordingly, he jumped laboriously from it, opened the gate and walked up the narrow brick path. The sight of a fat gray cat asleep on the porch pushed back the cloud from his mind. It all came back to him like a flash. This was "aunt" Mary's house. How often had he sat on the same cool porch, feasting on the delicious strawberries she always gave him. Happy memories began to flit through his brain; a thousand remembrances were awakened by the sight of the diamond-paned windows and the scent of old-fashioned flowers.

A thrill of pleasurable excitement came over him as he knocked loudly at the door. The cat started from his sleep and blinked inquiringly at the stranger. A gray head was thrust out from one of the windows, an astonished voice exclaimed, "Well, if it isn't Charles," and in an instant an old woman hobbled out—the same old aunt Mary. She greeted him very heartily and then she called "Kate, where are you?" "I'm coming," said a clear voice, and to Hardy's consternation a young lady emerged from the wilderness of green. Not that Hardy was afraid of girls, far from it. He had not been raised in the city to be afraid of a simple girl, but he cast a furtive look at his dusty clothing and felt the big drops of perspiration making muddy streams down his face. There was no escape however. He knew he presented a ludicrous picture in his bicycle suit for although he was not fat he was in that dangerous period when one has the tendency to appear not stout, but—er—portly at the least. Thus, conscious of his mirth-inspiring appearance Hardy felt disconcerted and awkward, feelings to which he was a stranger, usually.

The girl came on the porch calmly and with quaint grace. Aunt Mary babbled on, Hardy gave a profound bow, conscious of the dark brown eyes steadfastly fixed upon him. Recovering his spirits Hardy began to talk and was soon at his ease. He spent a very pleasant hour there, and began to wonder who the girl was. Aunt Mary had introduced her as Kate Deen and then left the two alone as she dozed in the rocking chair. The strawberries came in time, served by Kate herself and then he was obliged to leave. As he parted from the old lady and her guest, he promised to call again, and then he walked jauntily down the path and mounted his lumbering wheel and soon lost sight of the pleasant cottage.

Riding home, he decided that the village was a beautiful one. He thought of Miss Deen, of her quaint courtesy and her seeming ignorance of worldly matters. Sometimes the knowing, mischievous light in her eyes defied the idea that she was only a simple country maid. But her actions and words contradicted this. He decided also, as he rode down the shaded lane that brown eyes were very pretty.

In due time Hardy called again, and soon he was a daily visitor at the cottage on the hill side. These times, it was not aunt Mary or her wonderful cat that drew him there, no, not even the strawberries. It was Miss Deen herself. He spent a whole afternoon trying to make his wheel respectable and began to debate in his mind whether the city was not very harmful for his health. Once he actually blushed like a school boy and then he knew that cupid was fluttering by.

A month passed. Every day found Hardy going up to the hills. He always treated Kate a little patronizingly for was he not C. T. Hardy of San Francisco? He was in despair now. He was vainly trying to interest her on a new book, "Old Virginia Days," by Clara Burch. She smiled in such a superior way when he spoke of this book, that his exasperation knew no bonds. The book was a favorite of his. Once, when he was reading the most exciting chapter she had fallen asleep, and he was highly indignant at this gross insult. But she was so penitent and looked so really sweet, that he forgave her on the spot.

One afternoon he mounted his newly-cleaned wheel, determined that he would propose. Business had kept him away for a day, so it was with increasing eagerness that he sped across the fields, following the ever-winding foot-path. He had decided that he would marry Kate, yes, he would. He had dressed with particular care that day, and had recited his proposal to the wash-stand three times. As he neared the house, he noticed that it appeared deserted. Aunt Mary came out to meet him. "Kate's gone back to the city," she said dolefully. "She left this for you."

Hardy took the envelope mechanically. In it was a little cutting from one of the San Francisco daily papers. He read it through, at first in a puzzled way: "Miss Kate Deen, better known as Clara Burch, author of "Old Virginia Days," is at San Francisco. She has been visiting an old friend in the Santa Clara foot-hills. Her engagement to Harold Gray, a rising young lawyer of this city, has been announced. The marriage will take place———. Hardy did not wait to finish. Leaving the amazed old woman, without a word, he walked down the path of so many memories, slammed the little gate, mounted his wheel and rode rapidly away.

Hardy has decided that the Santa Clara foot-hills are beastly and that brown eyes have a fiendish glare.

The Old German's Fright

SAMMY SWITENBURG was an aged German with a pleasant countenance and an aged heart. He lived alone in a little log cabin on the outskirts of a village named Berinda, and there he had a collection of many rare curiosities, for the old man had traveled through almost every country on the globe. In one corner of his den, as he proudly called it, was a fine specimen of a baboon, mounted in such a life-like position that it could easily be mistaken for a live one.

Then there were stuffed birds of gay plumage and on the floor a huge bear skin, and richly colored woods from the Amazon were arranged in a specimen case with folding doors, while the walls were adorned with glistening battle-axes, shields and other bric-a-brac of the Crusaders.

Night had fallen. Sammy had just taken his lamp and was climbing the rickety staircase, when a tremenduous clapping of wings smote on his ears.

"Something must be bothering those Shanghai chickens," he muttered, as he set the lamp down and opened the door. The night was enveloped in a cloak of darkness. He could hardly see his hand a foot

from his face. He carefully felt his way but suddenly bolted into a cherry tree and fell down.

The noise from the hens grew louder. He picked himself up and walked more rapidly, until stopped by a cage of guinea pigs, which he overturned in his haste, thereby awakening the peaceful slumberers therein. He reached the chicken coop, but the noise had subsided. He opened the door and peeped in.

An instant later a terrible scream might have been heard as though made by one in the throes of death's agony. A young rooster had attempted to fly out, but had come in contact with Sammy's head, with direful results. Had not Sammy's head been bald, perhaps the spurs would not have had so much effect upon his cranium. He yelled and cried and shrieked and felt his wounded head.

Then he started back to the house. Again he tripped and fell and this time he did not rise for quite a while. When he did, he felt a jerk on his ankle and was again precipitated on his face.

The poor man ventured to look around. Then he almost fainted at the sight which met his eyes. A white figure was standing a short distance away, gazing at him. He cautiously arose and moved on a step, but on looking over his shoulder, he saw the white figure following him. After sending a silent prayer to Heaven, he made a fresh start. Before he knew it, his feet were jerked from under him and he fell floundering into a pond of his pet gold-fish.

And the white robed figure was standing a little ways off gazing serenely at him. He fancied he saw the ghost smile—an uncanny, unearthly sort of smile. The old man's limbs tottered as he rose, but fear lent him strength. This time he did not look around, he was too frightened. His footsteps became faster now and so increased his speed. All this time he could feel a mysterious tugging at his boot leg. The ghost was coming faster now.

At last Sammy reached the door and pushed it open. He tried to close it when he got inside, but the white robed figure was too quick for him and bounded into the room. He fell backward in terror and by a sudden, involuntary movement of the hand, he tipped over the lamp. The flames leaped up and lit the scattered bits of oil.

Then for the first time he observed a chain fastened to his foot. Next he vetured to look at the ghost. A smile suffused his wan countenance, for he recognized his billy-goat, which he had captured in Arabia and in whose chain he had become entangled, when he made one of his head-long plunges, and the animal had followed him from compulsion. Sammy got a bucket of water and proceeded to put out the fire, which he did without more ado.

C. V. E. (on a moonlight stroll)—"What tree do you like best?
John B.—"The poplar. What is your favorite?"
C. V. E.—"Why yew, John."

Wea (day dreaming).

Of all the glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these—I'll soon have Ben.

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Joshes

"Where is the baby?" Anyone who can answer this question, please communicate with L. M.

It is rumored that Ayer will be a cooper, but it is a false alarm. The Cooper will become an Ayer.

Maude Krolow on a summer's day,
Sweetly sang a funeral lay.
Beneath her pompadour glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing she wrought and her merry glee
Made the Prof. as mad as he could be.
No more we hear that sweetest lay,
Because she heard from Prof. McCrea.

In Algebra—How much could John carry if Carrie can carry John? Ans. (Carrie), (John) X Beb. (the unknown quantity). How would you like to be John?

Miss Briggs (in chemistry)—"Our bodies are all full of cells."
Soph.—"Yes, and our High School is full of sells also."
It is left to Louise to choose between being a Spencer or a spinster.

Leona (reciting Latin)—"Nascor—nasci—nasty. Oh, I can't say the rest."

Prof. McCrea—Thou shalt not "queen" nor sit next to any fair lady in any public assembly while in my sight, for such is sinful and against the law. 'Tis with sorrow that I cannot point to the Faculty as examples of propriety, but nevertheless, let it be so.

What is the world without the sun?
But what on earth is ever dearer
Than a wad of Pepsin gum?
What is a girl without a mirror?

We hear that Leona has a half interest in the Club Store. She seems to be a silent partner.

Where does that girl live? Oh, down there at Sunnyvale. Where is that? Oh, I don't know. I believe it's near Murphy's Station, some place. (Question—Who is the girl?)

Miss W.—Faculty committee on student affairs (at heart.)

"Cheese it, fellows, cheese it." (Silence.) But the Prof. didn't show up.

I'm all right. I ain't doin' nothin'. Who said it?

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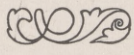

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